

## *On The Water*

I am to be played on the water,  
a voice resonating on the waves  
to distant shores  
to inland coves  
across lakes and valleys,  
humming like a reed  
a part of the brilliant cacophony  
we call life.

I am not to be shut in a box;  
placed under a bushel;  
left in a cave covered by a round stone  
only to peer through windows,  
or down from a tree  
buckled by words  
laden by aged limits  
gone awry.

The hummingbird does not apologize  
for its quickness,  
nor the manatee, its size.  
They do not decide  
to become elephants and grow tusks.

I am to be played on the water,  
humming like a reed  
unbridled without apology.

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